

# Cold in Philadelphia by Vinnie Paz

[Intro]

Left my home with just my jeans, my money and a stash  
Aimed to Philadelphia, I need a place to crash  
Cold in Philadelphia  
Cold in Philadelphia

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]

His name was Pasquale and he came here from Sicily  
He came here alone at 17 no family  
The government told him he was a natural born criminal  
Compared to primates and said his intellect was minimal  
They told him southern Italians were savages and rapists  
But he was only here to look for work and they was racist  
He just wanted to find a wife and have children  
But had to live in fear because they were Sicilians  
Trouble communicating because he ain't speak the language  
If you don't know English then you ain't nothing but baggage  
Started his own business with some money that he saved up  
But nobody supported his business, he almost gave up  
Stuck it out, worked hard, livin' in a shanty  
Found himself a wife then he had himself a family  
He still dealt with discrimination but wasn't mad  
And fear is a great motivator in man  
Decades later his family comfortable with clout  
And most of them will want to build a wall and keep him out!

[Chorus]

Excuse me please sir, if you will, can you spare a dime?  
Do you have a cigarette to help me pass the time?  
Cold in Philadelphia  
Cold in Philadelphia

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]

His name Abdullah he here to escape Assad  
He need to find a home and a place he can pray to God  
A full-scale civil war broke out in Syria  
Uprising turned violent country in hysteria  
In Syria he a doctor in Philly he sort boxes

His wife and 4 children in a 2 room apartment  
He work all hours of the night making garments  
His sons worked after school shifts at the market  
Airstrikes and raids forced them out of their home  
So they left for Jordan overnight prayed to get through  
3 years in Jordan then they finally made it here  
The older daughters had to go to Spain and disappear  
Back in Philly Abdullah struggling to make the rent  
Winter coming soon but the heating bill spent  
His sons picked on in school, suffer from embarrassment  
They been here for a year and only speak Arabic  
They stayed where they was, they would be killed by Assad  
But the trouble and the struggle is fulfilling to God

[Chorus]

Can't find work because my hair has got to be too long  
Cold in Philadelphia, I tried to get along  
Cold in Philadelphia  
Cold in Philadelphia